in haſte, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.
Lord. We haue deſcried vpon our neighbouring ſhore,
a portly ſayle of ſhips make hither ward.
Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow neuer comes but brings an heire,
That may ſucceed as his inheritor:
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbouring nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſery,
That ſtuff't the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beat vs downe the which are downe already
And make a conqueſt of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.
Lord. That's the leaſt feare.
For by the ſemblance of their white flagges diſplayd, they
bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.
Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like hymnes vntuter'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhew, meanes moſt deceipt.
But bring th y what they will, and what they can,
What need we leaue our grounds the loweſt?
And we are halfe way there: Goe, tell their Generall wee
attend him here, to know forwhat he comes, and whence
hee comes, and what he craues.
Lord. I goe my Lord.
Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt;
If warres, we are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernour, for ſo we heare you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes,
We haue heard your miſeryes as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreets,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to relieue them of their heauy loade,
And theſe our ſhippes you happily may thinke,

Are like the Troian horſe, was ſtuft within
With bloudy veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are ſtor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger-ſtaru'd halfe dead.
Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And wee'le pray for you.
Per. Ariſe I pray you, ariſe; we do not look for reuerence
but for loue, and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, & mē.
Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankefulneſſe in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children or our ſelues,
The curſe of heauen and men ſucceede their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall nere be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.
Per. Which welcome wee'le accept, feaſt here awhile,
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a ſmile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Heere haue you ſeene a mighty King
His child I'wis to inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will prooue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſitie:
Ile ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Looſing a Mite, a Mountayne gayne:
The good in conuerſation,
To whom I giue my benizon:
Is ſtill at *Tharſtill*, where each man
Thinkes all is writ he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statute to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary,
Are brought your eyes, what need ſpeake I.